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THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
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1918

MEMOIR

OF

ANN MARIA SLADE,

EMBRACING A JOURNAL

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

AND

OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES OF HER LIFE,

TAKEN FROM THE NOTES AND

LIPS OF HER FRIENDS.

BY O. W. POTTER,

Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Rehoboth, Mass.

"I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

WM. CANFIELD, PRINTER, FALL RIVER.

SEPT., 1837.

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INTRODUCTION

THIS memoir is calculated to increase the affections of children for their parents, and produce in their minds a love for holiness and purity of character. Such is the sentiment and the affectionate manner of her expressions, that while preparing it for the press I could but shed many tears, and have no doubt but upon the perusal of this narrative hundreds will say, "*O that I was like Ann Maria Slade.*" I hesitated to insert some expressions which she entered in her journal, relating to myself, yet have done so, according to the wish of her family to publish as she wrote.

Knowing the faithfulness of her life, the soundness of her mind and the sentiment of the narrative, I would cheerfully recommend it to all. O. W. POTTER.

MEMOIR

ANN MARIA SLADE, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Slade of Somerset, Mass. was born February 19, 1823. Her parents early taught her the principles of morality and a regard for the religion of Jesus Christ, yet her mother was not satisfied that she had experienced religion until after Ann Maria had become the subject of converting grace.

The affectionate treatment and kind instruction of parents and grand parents were preparing the way of the Lord, while other co-operative events were hastening her preparation for an early introduction to the Saviour, with whom she was made acquainted on Sunday evening, June 14, 1835, in the 13th year of her age. She left a short journal, written in the latter part of her life, of which the following is a copy:—

June 1st, 1835. I was early taught the truths of the glorious Gospel, and from my first recollection have been the subject of religious impressions. In the spring of this year my mind was seriously wrought upon. I longed for the enjoyment of religion, and felt that nothing in this world, short of it, could satisfy my desires.

I attended meeting in Rehoboth, and witnessed many solemn scenes in that place, which will never be effaced from my memory until she resigns her seat in my bosom. The dear pastor visited our family the twelfth day of June. Before leaving he prayed and talked to each of us. Every word sunk deep into my heart, and the feelings of my mind after he left cannot be expressed; for I never before had such a view of my sinfulness. I attempted to cast myself on the Saviour, but could not find access to the throne of mercy. I continued in this situation for two days; but while sitting alone on Sunday evening, in great distress of mind, praying to the Lord to forgive my sins, all at

once the burden left me. My happiness, O, how great. It was more than human tongue can express. The character of the Saviour appeared lovely indeed, and I humbly hope and trust that I have tasted of the love of Christ. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. O, may I never forget this kind and gracious God.

August 23. This has been a happy day to me, having followed my blest Redeemer into a watery grave. O, how joyful the season, and yet how solemn. Should I return to my former courses and give the enemies of the Lord reason to say there is nothing in religion, O how dreadfully aggravated would be my condemnation. What excuse could I render at the tribunal of a just God? My mouth would be stopped and I should stand guilty before Him! O, may this never be my unhappy lot; but may I glorify the Lord here on the earth and follow him even unto death. O Lord, deliver me from thousands of temptations that await me, and leave me not to my own wicked heart; but enable me to put my trust in thee alone.

"Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die."

August 30. I have this day united with the Church. O may the solemn transactions* long dwell in my mind and excite me to greater dilligence, zeal and watchfulness than I have ever before exercised. O may I "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made" me "free and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage;"† but adorn my profession with a well ordered life and holy conversation.

September 6. I have this day, for the first time, commemorated the dying love of my dear Redeemer. O what a wonder that I, the most unworthy of mortals, should be brought to enjoy this feast! O Father, wilt thou lead me, instruct me and help me in the way I should go, and grant me the light of thy countenance for Jesus sake, whatever else thou deniest me.

January 2, 1837. Since I last wrote I have enjoyed many precious seasons and passed through many trials; yet I have a hope, a steady unwavering hope, which I would not renounce

* She here alludes to the laying on of hands, attended by the prayer of the minister for her holy consecration to God, &c., which ordinance is held sacred to fellowship by all the churches of the Yearly Meeting to which she belonged. Also to the charge and right hand of fellowship which she received at this time.

† Gal. 5.—1.

for worlds. I have attended meetings on this day, and O, may I but improve the privileges that I possess.

Merciful Jesus, grant me thy supporting hand on the commencement of this year, and if my life should be prolonged the whole of it, or but a part, may it be more faithfully devoted to thee and thy glorious cause.

February 9. Have attended meeting at Br. G. C's this evening and think that I have enjoyed something of the presence of God, and how shall I find words to express the gratefulness of my heart. O, for an angel's tongue to praise and exalt my Jesus.

February 12. How solemn this day's transaction. My dear mother has followed her blessed Jesus into a watery grave! Yes, she has obeyed her Redeemer's great command. Mr. P. preached from the words contained in 1st Peter, 3—21. O that it may be a day long and happily remembered by many precious souls, and the coming of my mother be but a drop before a plentiful shower.

"Saviour visit thy plantation,
Grant us Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again."

February 19. It has not been my privilege to attend meeting on this day, but have felt cold and almost stupid. But O, how much I have enjoyed of God this evening. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. This is my birth day—14 years of my life have gone forever.

February 26. Attended meeting this afternoon. Text, 2d Cor. 8, 9. 'Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.' O how solemn, how interesting the discourse. Mr. P. preached at our house this evening from these words: 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'* The energy and freedom with which he addressed the throne of Grace—the solemnity and animation with which he delivered his excellent discourse, I shall long remember. Bless him, O God, and make him a blessing; give him renewed unctions of divine grace; fill his soul with thy love and praise; animate him in every duty; support him under all his trials, and make him a burning and shining light in the world. Be with all that administer in holy things. O may a double portion of thy spirit rest upon them. My dear mother united with the church this evening†. O may she "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made her free."‡

* Josh. 24—15. This text was proposed by Ann Maria.

† It was her mother's choice to receive the laying on of hands at her own house, which was accordingly done this evening, before a large and attentive assembly.

‡ Gal. 5—I.

March 12. While my dear friends are assembled in the house of God to hear glorious and animating truths, I am deprived of the precious privilege, and last Sabbath my beloved brethren and sisters commemorated the dying love of Jesus, but it was not convenient for me to attend.

March 17. I was present at the funeral of Mr. R. H's youngest son. O how fast we drop into the silent grave!—Relentless death snatches the parents form the children and the children from the parents! Lord sanctify this bereavement to surviving friends. May they so consider their ways as to apply their hearts unto wisdom. O give them those heavenly joys that surpass all earthly comforts, and may the companions of the deceased take this into serious consideration and prepare for death, judgment and eternity.

March 26. With emotions of sacred pleasure do I hail the return of the holy Sabbath. On this day one convert is to receive the precious ordinance of baptism. To-day she will engage in one of the most solemn and important duties that ever claimed her attention. O may she be sincere and hearty in the surrender of herself to God. O Lord, on this day grant help to our dear pastor. Strengthen his hands and encourage his heart; enable him to bring forth out of his treasure (*the store-house of God*) things new and old that shall be a savour of life unto life, to many souls. May his tongue be as the pen of a ready writer, to shew wicked men their transgressions; to display the terrors of the law as well as the charms of the Gospel. O that he may speak a word in season to weary, heavy laden sinners, which shall be as life to the dead, and cold water to the thirsty soul. O Lord, do thou give the increase; impress the hearts of all impenitent sinners with a sense of the magnitude and numbers of their crimes, and reveal the riches of redeeming love to their souls.

April 2. I have again been indulged with Sabbath and sanctuary privileges, to sit down at the table of the Lord, and my dear mother with me, for the first time. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

April 20. Since I last wrote, my dear Elizabeth has been consigned to the silent grave, having bid adieu to all things here below, and gone to try the realities of another world. O, is it possible that I shall see her face on earth no more? Yes, for she has gone! O Lord, sanctify this affliction to mourning relatives and friends, support the father, brother and sister under their trials. Realize to them the shortness of time and the certainty of death, that they may be prepared to follow her. O that thou, in infinite mercy would be pleased to bring it

near my heart, and make it the means of weaning me from this world, and preparing me for the enjoyment of thy *Celestial Kingdom.*

And thus in prayer, to be prepared for *Celestial Glory*, she stopped her pen, to resume it no more!

There was more writing upon her slate, which was written so near the time of her being taken sick that she had no opportunity to enter the same upon her journal, and during her sickness, by some means it became so defaced as to be unintelligible, consequently lost to us.

Under her last date she alludes to the death of Elizabeth Buffington, who lived near by and died of the scarlet fever, in her 19th year. During her sickness Ann Maria was very anxious to visit her and converse upon heavenly things; but her friends did not think it advisable, as she was of delicate health and liable to take the disorder, which might prove fatal; yet she seemed desirous to go, and replied to her friends that we ought not to be too much afraid. She spoke of it frequently, and manifested a concern for Elizabeth,—wishing to know the state of her mind. After her funeral, Ann Maria frequently visited her grave, and in this way, according to the indication of the last of her journal, was weaning herself from the world's alluring charms, and preparing for *Celestial Glory*, which we trust her happy spirit was made to enjoy but a few weeks after. She was also anxious for others in affliction—desiring to visit the sick, and render them what assistance she could.

It is probable that when Ann Maria commenced writing her journal she intended but little more than her experience, or circumstances attending her until she entered into full fellowship with the church; for she wrote nothing in her journal from the time she first partook of the symbals of her Saviour's body and blood, which was September 6, 1835, to Jan. 2, 1837, a space of near 16 months; during which time there must have been many interesting circumstances relating to her, worthy of note. It was during this interval that she attended the Yearly Meeting in Coventry, R. I., of which she frequently spoke in terms of admiration, and intended, (if God had spared her life) to visit the next, although it was to be at a distance of more than 40 miles. She early subscribed her name to the temperance constitution, to shew by signature, as by example, that she disapproved of the common use of that drug which had destroyed the peace of families neighborhoods and the church; hurled ministers from the sacred desk, and brought many that were once honorable to the drunkards grave, having prepared them for the left hand of God.

Last November Ann Maria wrote a letter to one of her relatives in the country, of which the following is an extract:

SOMERSET, November 8, 1836.

Dear Cousin Caroline: After a long delay I have attempted to write. We have been separated for some years, and I feel anxious to know how you improve your time. It is precious, dear cousin, and I hope you are improving it to the best advantage. I long to see you and tell the changes that have taken place in my mind since you left Somerset; for I have found the Lord precious to my soul, and if you have not, begin to pray—for "now is the accepted time, —behold now is the day of salvation." Soon we must leave these tenements of clay, and try the realities of another world—and if we have lived as we ought it will be with joy, and if not it will be with grief. From your dear cousin,

ANN MARIA SLADE.

"Come, lovely youth, embrace the truth,
Agree with one accord,
And use your tongue while you are young
In praising of the Lord." A. M. S.

Ann Maria practiced retirement before she partook of her usual meals; and sometimes, when seated at the table, would suddenly arise and go by herself, probably having at first forgot to do so, and would not continue her repast until she had.

She was taken sick of the scarlet fever on the 3d of May 1837, and after having been sick eleven days, recovered so much as to be able to sit up a part of four days, and then received a second attack, which ended her short life in seventeen days, during which time her sufferings were great, yet she was very patient, bearing it with Christian fortitude and resignation.

In her first sickness she said but little; only that she wished to be reconciled to the will of God. At that time her brother lay sick of the same disorder, whose life was not expected from one hour to another.

Ann Maria expressed much anxiety for his soul's salvation, and said "I am afraid I have neglected praying for him so much as I ought; but O, if consistent with the will of God, may he be restored to health again.

After she was taken sick the second time, in the afternoon of the 4th day, she lay as if in prayer for half an hour, and then opening her eyes, clasped her hands together and exclaimed, "O, ma! how happy I am—I have seen my Saviour, and O, what sweet communion I have had with him. It appeared to me that the door of heaven was open, and I saw the happy spirits. O, it is beyond expression. How happy I am. I believe I had better go now, for I am perfectly happy, and if I should get well

I may not live near to God, and have my doubts and fears as heretofore. O ma, are you not praying? How can you sit without praising the Lord? Where is pa? tell him to come. O pa, do you pray. I want you to pray in the family. It is a cross you neglect. O, will you try to live near to God? I feel very happy and hope you will be faithful and not neglect your duty. Remember there is a cross for us all to bear. You know our Saviour said, 'He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me.'* O pa, if we are faithful unto the end, what sweet promises we have of entering into that rest which remaineth 'to the people of God.' I feel that I shall be with you but a little while longer. Mourn not for me, but mourn for yourselves. Our separation will be but short; you must soon follow me, and I wish you to be faithful to your heavenly Father, so that when you have finished your course below, we may be so happy as to meet in heaven, where separation will be no more.

"Then since it is God's holy will
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet communion all as one
With joy our Father's will be done."

Yes, O Lord, I can say thy will be done.

O, Franklin,† do you realize how near to death you have been, and the mercifulness of your heavenly Father in restoring you so far to health? Can you ever forget that kind and merciful Jesus? O, Franklin, I hope you never will; but give yourself up to God, so that when you are brought upon your death bed you may not have to reflect with regret upon your past life, but be prepared to follow me.

O Mary, my sister, do you remember how many times we have knelt together in prayer? Do not be discouraged when I am gone. O, pray often and surrender yourself, both soul and body to Christ and prepare for death. You must be kind and affectionate to your dear parents and to your dear brother."

Her mother then asked if she should fan her. "O no, ma," said she, "I am not faint." Her mother then replied—"I am afraid you will weary yourself, you are so weak." "O no, ma," exclaimed Ann Maria, "I am not tired; this is not my strength, but the Lord has given it to me and if I should hold my peace the stones would cry out. If I should be restored to health again I believe there would be a great work for me to do. When

*Mat. 10—38. †Her only brother.

I was sick before, I tried to feel reconciled to death if I should be called for; but I could not, and it grieved me very much. I prayed and sometimes wept on that account; but now I feel that resignation which enables me to say, Thy will be done, O Lord. O yes, I have a hope as 'an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil whither the forerunner is for us entered, *even Jesus.*'*

O pa, if I should feel so happy all the time I could not stay here. Do you think that we shall feel interested for our own friends in this world when we are in another?" Her father answered that he did, but some thought not. She said, "O, if I do, how I shall intercede for you. I hope you will all try to live a life of obedience to your heavenly Father, that we may all arrive in heaven. Our separation will be but short. Then," said she, "I do not feel so inexpressibly happy as I did, and I thought I could not and live; yet I feel happy."

The next day her grand-parents came to see her. She asked them if they enjoyed religion, and after hearing their answer, she said, "I rejoice to hear you talk of the love of Jesus, and wish you the light of God's countenance and a heart to labor in his vineyard. Do be faithful."

After two days she was taken more ill, and in the evening was in great distress of body; yet her mind was calm. She talked to all present, saying, "I charge you, from the strongest desires of my heart, to be faithful to God and be prepared for death. Pray for me, not for my continuance, but that I may have an easy passage through death." She then exclaimed, "O Lord Jesus, thy will be done."

The physician coming in she asked him what he thought of her case. He paused awhile and and then said, "Ann Maria, you are very sick indeed; you may live and you may not." She appeared calm to the answer.

She again addressed her brother and sister, saying, "O Franklin, my dear brother, and Mary, my dear sister, we have taken great comfort together, having attended meetings and school in company and enjoyed each other's presence from time to time; but now it appears there must be a separation, and if so, you must be reconciled to it; for it will be our heavenly Father's will. I wish you to attend meeting whenever it is convenient, and try to be like Mary of old, choosing 'that good part which shall not be taken away from you;† you see what religion does for me. It has made me happy in health, and now I feel happy at the trying hour of death.

*Heb. 6—19 20. †Luke 10—42.

'There is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy forever roll;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to rest my soul.

Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray,
But since my Saviour found me
A light has shone along my way.'

The next day her aunt Pierce came to see her. Ann Maria asked her aunt if she enjoyed religion; and after hearing from her upon the subject, exclaimed, "O, how I love to hear you speak of the goodness of the Saviour, and hope you will persevere in his glorious cause. I feel happy and reconciled to the will of God; yet pray for me, and when I am gone try to comfort my dear mother."

On the evening of the 26th she called for all that were there and talked to them separately. Near the close she clasped the hand of Elizabeth Earle, a sister in the church, of about her age, and said, "dear sister, do you enjoy religion?" upon receiving an answer in the affirmative Ann Maria said to her, "I love you, I love you to the end; but I am going to leave, to enjoy your company here no more. I am going home to glory, to sing praises to the Lamb forever. I want you to pray for me; pray for poor sinners, your young friends especially. O prove faithful to the end, and at last receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Her aunt Burt offered a prayer at her request; after which she said, "O aunt, I believe I must die and leave you all." To which her aunt replied, "We must all die, Ann Maria. Do you feel willing to go?" She answered "yes aunt, I can say 'Thy will be done, O Lord.' 'The Lord's time is the best time;' yet I should like to live longer if it was His will."

She said to her mother: "I never expect to get well and must be the first of the family to die." Her mother replied, "I hope you will be restored to health again, for I do not know what I should do if you should be taken away." "O ma," said Ann Maria, "the Lord will support you if you put your trust in him. Do try to give me up."

At another time she said: "I wish you to tell Elder Potter that he *must* be *faithful*, be *faithful* unto the *end*, and warn the young people. Also, to tell the Church that I left them all in love."

She said to sister Woodman: "O, how much I have done for me; I feel unworthy of it; you are waiting upon me now, and soon will close my eyes in death."

She again said: "Ma, do you feel reconciled to part with me?" Her mother replied that she tried to be, but it was hard work. She again said to her father: "pa, do you feel willing to give me up?" He answered, "I do not know how; it is hard to part with one so dear to me, but we must conform to the will of God. It is such a comfort to us to see you so happy and so reconciled to death that we try to resign you to the kind care and protection of your Saviour." Ann Maria then said: "do not mourn for me when I am gone; but you will mourn for my company. The separation is hard, but the Lord will support you if you will only put your trust in him, for he hath said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'* I wish you and Ma to persevere in the cause of Christ, and remember 'that we must, through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.'† Think on the Saviour, how much He suffered for us and died the ignominious death of the cross. O, Franklin and Mary, I hope you will become converted and be true children of God; you must pray often, and the Lord will hear your cry, for he hath said, 'those that seek me early shall find me.'‡ Read your bible and make it your constant companion."

At another time she said: "I cannot make you sensible of the gratitude of my heart when I think how good the Lord is in condescending so low as to make me, as unworthy as I am, feel so happy."

The afternoon next previous to her death she told her attendants that her feet were cold, and wished her mother to warm a cloth and put around them, which she did. Ann Maria then observed that her hands were cold, and putting one of them to her face said, "the cold sweat is upon me." She then spoke to her father and said, "pa, be good to the Church, and consider Elder Potter and help him as much as you consistently can."

In the evening some neighbors came in, with whom she conversed about leaving the world. Soon after this she talked with her mother for the last time. Raising her eyes to look at her once more, and presenting her hand, already chilled with death, which her fond mother clasped in hers, said, "O ma, how much I love you. I feel happy." She then remarked, "I do not know as I have any particular text to be taken at my funeral, but tell Elder Potter, at the close of the sermon, *to warn* the young people." Then her father going to her bedside, she put her arms around his neck and said, "O pa, we must part, but our separation will be but short." He asked her if she felt happy? She answered, "I do feel reconciled to the will of God."

*Heb. 13—5. †Acts 14—22. ‡Prov. 8—17.

When so low that her language was scarcely intelligible she spoke of the preparation of her coffin. In her expiring moments she observed to sister Woodman, "I now lay between life and death." Sister W. asked her if she felt willing to die. She replied, "entirely." She said to sister Pierce, "weep not for me, but when you look upon me in my coffin remember that I am happy."

But stop; her mouth is shut, her eyes are closed; she breathes no more! Death's silence prevails. The fond father mourns; the dear mother weeps; the affectionate brother and sister drop the flowing tears, and kind friends sympathize around. O, Ann Maria, art thou gone? Yes, the clock has struck twelve, to salute thy ears for the last time. The mourning hour has come, and in it, thy happy spirit hath taken its flight for a fairer world on high. Retaining her senses to the last, she expired on Saturday morning, June 3d, at half past twelve o'clock, in the fifteenth year of her age.

[*From the Pastor's Journal.*]

"I baptised her August 3, 1835, at the age of 12 years. She was ever considered a child remarkable for her sincerity in common concerns, and since she embraced religion, for her devotion to God. She was affectionate in her address, neat in her apparel; wore her hair combed back plain, which was descriptive of her manners. When in the conference room her voice was frequently heard to commend the love of Jesus. She exhorted much in her last moments, speaking to the family and those that came in. She fell asleep in Jesus, on the morning of the 3d of June, 1837.

I attended her funeral on the 5th, and preached from Rev. 22, 14,—"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates into the city." I quoted obedience as an evidence of our belief and that it was by the way of the commandments we should enter glory; spoke of the tree of life, gave a short description of the city, and then spoke of some that had died in the triumphs of faith; and at last touched upon the name of Ann Maria, which was enough to break up the fountain of tears and cause them to burst forth from the eyes of the audience, which with other manifestations, showed the fondness of their affections for our departed sister. Of the 63 whom I have baptised in this vicinity, she was next to the youngest, and the first to leave the world. And O, that all the rest might be as well prepared and consequently go as happy."

Her cousin, Nancy Burt, having been to visit her, and while conversing with her friends upon the subject, heard one of them say—"poor Maria." Nancy replied—"we say poor Maria, but almost any of us would be glad to be in her place."—Undoubtedly referring to her union with God, and feeling that she herself needed the arm of a Saviour to lean upon.

In twenty days from the death of Ann Maria, Nancy's eyes were closed to follow her, having died of the scarlet fever, June 23, in the 19th year of her age, and left a widowed mother and kind sister to mourn her loss—but not as those that have no hope.

It was during those four days in which Ann Maria was able to sit up a part of the time that her grandfather, Mr. Asa Pierce, visited them; when she and her brother and sister sat by the fire, all having been sick, but recovering, he said to them, "when you get a little better I will have you all come to my house, and we will send for Elder Potter and have a day of thanksgiving." But how great was his disappointment, while he and his wife mourned over the corpse of Ann Maria, and again when they wept over the remains of Nancy, on that very spot where he had proposed to celebrate the day of thanksgiving.

After a few weeks her mother, having become sufficiently composed, wrote the following lines:

"How shall I write that name which is bound in the tenderest fibres of my heart, while the dear beloved object that bore it is no more on earth. O! Ann Maria, my dear and affectionate child, must it be that I can see you no more in this world, no more to hear your sweet voice! Heart rending thought! It drowns my eyes with tears and suffuses my soul in sorrow! O! the cold hand of death has leveled my my Ann Maria with the dust, and her body now lies beneath the valley. But hush, I must be still. It is the Lord's doing. Why then, should I complain? Happy spirit of Ann Maria, I congratulate thy safe accession to immortal joys. O, may I be prepared to meet you on that blissful shore, where parting and tears are known no more; where all the saints of God will be cemented in the most endearing and everlasting bonds in the presence of that Jesus who is *all* in *all*. HANNAH SLADE."

A young lady with whom Ann Maria was made acquainted at the Yearly Meeting last September, having heard of her exit, in writing to the Pastor's wife, says, "I was very much grieved to hear of the death of Ann Maria Slade, for I have not forgotten her pleasing deportment, nor her christian virtues. Truly you have lost one of your best members."

Many friends visited her in her sickness, with whom she held much interesting conversation; also much with the family that could not be recollected; yet there could have been much more added from divers sources, but having already wrote more than was intended at first, and being anxious to have it published by the time of the next Yearly Meeting, as she was present at the last, therefore add no more.

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